THE HABITANT
and other
TYPICAL POEMS

DRUMMOND

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems.

The Voyageur, and Other Poems.

Johnnie Courteau, and Other Poems.

The Great Fight.

Poetical Works.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Habitant

and

Other Typical Poems

By

William Henry Drummond

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THIS EDITION HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR AND IS DEDICATED TO

OUR FIGHTERS

ON SEA, ON LAND, AND IN THE AIR

THE BOYS IN KHAKI AND THE BOYS IN BLUE

In Memory of William Henry Drummond

By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D.

PEACE to his poet soul. Full well he knew
To sing for those who know not how to praise
The woodsman's life, the farmer's patient toil,
The peaceful drama of laborious days.

He made his own the thoughts of simple men,
And with the touch that makes the world akin
A welcome guest of lonely cabin homes,
Found, too, no heart he could not enter in.

The toilworn doctor, women, children, men,
The humble heroes of the lumber drives,
Love, laugh, or weep along his peopled verse,
Blithe 'mid the pathos of their meagre lives.

While thus the poet-love interpreted,
He left us pictures no one may forget—
Courteau, Batiste, Camille mon frère and best,
The good brave curé, he of Calumette.

With nature as with man at home, he loved
The silent forest and the birches' flight
Down the white peril of the rapids' rush,
And the cold glamour of your Northern night.

Some mystery of genius haunts his page.
Some wonder secret of the poet's spell
Died with this master of the peasant thought.
Peace to your Northland singer, and farewell!

Remember when these tales you read
Of rude but honest "Canayen,"
That Joliet, La Verandrye,
La Salle, Marquette, and Hennepin
Were all true "Canayen" themselves—
And in their veins the same red stream:
The conquering blood of Normandie
Flowed strong, and gave America
Coureurs de bois and voyageurs
Whose trail extends from sea to sea!

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The Habitant

The Habitant

DE place I get born, me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know—

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter
An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder
An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin'
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin'
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us

An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin'
An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de morning
An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
Feel sout' win' a-blowin', see clover a-growin',
An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide
De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson
'Bout girl down de reever—too bad dey mus' leave her,
But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us
An' bird of de summer is all fly away,
W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is blowin'
An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day.

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?
Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de wood-pile
Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable
So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to freeze,
An' de hen all togedder — I don't min' de wedder—
De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us,
W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew
By de stove of T'ree Reever—ma wife's fader geev her
On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago—

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' it's lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,
Ole "Carleau" he's snorin' an' beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de winder
An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner—
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,
An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé,
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha! ha! Philomene!—dat was smart trick you play us
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck,
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec'—

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt—travel two forty, sure,
'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from Woonsocket
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vaillancour'.

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,
Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more
So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't tire—
We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene's takin' long tam get awaken
Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem ting's, ev'ry tam on de fashion,
An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me—I spark it sam' way me
W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree
Don't put on sam style lak de big village,
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you—dat's true—I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent—
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

De Bell of Saint Michel

GO 'way, go 'way, don't ring no more, ole bell of Saint Michel,
For if you do, I can't stay here, you know dat very well,
No matter how I close ma ear, I can't shut out de soun',
It rise so high 'bove all de noise of dis beeg Yankee town.

An' w'en it ring, I t'ink I feel de cool, cool summer breeze
Dat's blow across Lac Peezagonk, an' play among de trees,
Dey're makin' hay, I know mese'f, can smell de pleasant smell
O! how I wish I could be dere to-day on Saint Michel!

It's foony t'ing, for me I'm sure, dat's travel ev'ryw'ere,
How moche I t'ink of long ago w'en I be leevin' dere;
I can't 'splain dat at all, at all, mebbe it's naturel,
But I can't help it w'en I hear de bell of Saint Michel.

Dere's plaintee t'ing I don't forget, but I remember bes'
De spot I fin' wan day on June de small san'-piper's nes'
An' dat hole on de reever w'ere I ketch de beeg, beeg trout
Was very nearly pull me in before I pull heem out.

An' leetle Elodie Leclaire, I wonner if she still
Leev jus' sam' place she use to leev on 'noder side de hill.
But s'pose she marry Joe Barbeau, dat's alway hangin' roun'
Since I am lef' ole Saint Michel for work on Yankee town.

Ah! dere she go, ding dong, ding, dong, it's back, encore again
An' ole chanson come on ma head of "a la claire fontaine,"
I'm not surprise it soun' so sweet, more sweeter I can tell
For wit' de song also I hear de bell of Saint Michel.

It's very strange about dat bell, go ding dong
all de w'ile
For when I'm small garçon at school, can't
hear it half a mile;
But seems more farder I get off from Church
of Saint Michel,
De more I see de ole village an' louder soun'
de bell.

O! all de monee dat I mak' w'en I be travel roun'
Can't kip me long away from home on dis beeg
Yankee town,
I t'ink I'll settle down again on Parish Saint
Michel,
An' leev an' die more satisfy so long I hear dat
bell.

Pelang

PELANG! Pelang! Mon cher garçon,
I t'ink of you—t'ink of you night and
day—
Don't mak' no difference, seems to me
De long long tam you're gone away.

. . . . . .

De snow is deep on de Grande Montagne—
Lak tonder de rapide roar below—

De sam' kin' night, ma boy get los'
On beeg, beeg storm forty year ago.

An' I never was hear de win' blow hard,
An' de snow come sweesh on de window pane—
But ev'ryt'ing 'pear lak' it's yesterday
An' whole of ma troub' is come back again.

Ah me! I was foolish young girl den
It's only ma own plaisir I care,
An' w'en some dance or soirée come off
Dat's very sure t'ing you will see me dere.

Don't got too moche sense at all dat tam,
Run ev'ry place on de whole contree—
But I change beeg lot w'en Pelang come 'long,
For I love him so well, kin' o' steady me.

An' he was de bes' boy on Coteau,
An' t'ink I am de bes' girl too for sure—
He's tole me dat, geev de ring also
Was say on de inside "Je t'aime toujours."

I geev heem some hair dat come off ma head,
I mak' de nice stocking for warm hees feet,
So ev'ryt'ing's feex, w'en de spring is come
For mak' mariée on de church toute suite.

"W'en de spring is come!" Ah I don't see dat,
Dough de year is pass as dey pass before,
An' de season come, an' de season go,
But our spring never was come no more.

. . . . . .

It's on de fête of de jour de l'an,
An' de worl' outside is cole an' w'ite
As I sit an' watch for mon cher Pelang
For he's promise come see me dis very night.

Bonhomme Peloquin dat is leev near us—
He's alway keep look heem upon de moon—
See fonny t'ing dere only week before,
An' say he's expec' some beeg storm soon.

So ma fader is mak' it de laugh on me
"Pelang he's believe heem de ole Bonhomme
Dat t'ink he see ev'ryt'ing on de moon
An' mebbe he's feel it too scare for come."

But I don't spik not'ing I am so sure
Of de promise Pelang is mak' wit' me—
An' de mos' beeg storm dat is never blow
Can't kip heem away from hees own Marie.

I open de door, an' pass outside
For see mese'f how de night is look
An' de star is commence for go couché
De mountain also is put on hees tuque.

No sooner, I come on de house again
W'ere ev'ryt'ing feel it so nice an' warm,
Dan out of de sky come de Nor' Eas' win'—
Out of de sky come de beeg snow storm.

Blow lak not'ing I never see,
Blow lak le diable he was mak' grande tour;
De snow come down lak wan avalanche,
An' cole! Mon Dieu, it is cole for sure!

I t'ink, I t'ink of mon pauvre garçon,
Dat's out mebbe on de Grande Montagne;
So I place chandelle w'ere it's geev good light,
An' pray Le Bon Dieu he will help Pelang.

De ole folk t'ink I am go crazee,
An' moder she's geev me de good night kiss;
She say "Go off on your bed, Marie,
Dere's nobody come on de storm lak dis."

But ma eye don't close dat long, long night
For it seem jus' lak phantome is near,

An' I t'ink of de terrible Loup Garou
An' all de bad story I offen hear.

Dere was tam I am sure somet'ing call "Marie"
So plainly I open de outside door,
But it's meet me only de awful storm,
An' de cry pass away—don't come no more.

An' de morning sun, w'en he's up at las',
Fin' me w'ite as de face of de snow itse'f,
For I know very well, on de Grande Montagne,
Ma poor Pelang he's come dead hese'f.

It's noon by de clock w'en de storm blow off,
An' ma fader an' broder start out for see
Any track on de snow by de mountain side,
Or down on de place w'ere chemin should be.

No sign at all on de Grande Montagne,
No sign all over de w'ite, w'ite snow;
Only hear de win' on de beeg pine tree,
An' roar of de rapide down below.

An' w'ere is he lie, mon cher Pelang?
Pelang ma boy I was love so well!
Only Le Bon Dieu up above
An' mebbe de leetle snow bird can tell.

An' I t'ink I hear de leetle bird say,
"Wait till de snow is geev up its dead,
Wait till I go, an' de robin come,
An' den you will fin' hees cole, cole bed."

An' it's all come true, for w'en de sun
Is warm de side of de Grande Montagne
An' drive away all de winter snow,
We fin' heem at las', mon cher Pelang!

An' here on de fête of de jour de l'an,
Alone by mese'f I sit again,
W'ile de beeg, beeg storm is blow outside,
An' de snow come sweesh on de window pane.

Not all alone, for I t'ink I hear
De voice of ma boy gone long ago;
Can hear it above de hurricane
An' roar of de rapide down below.

Yes—yes—Pelang, mon cher garçon!
I t'ink of you, t'ink of you night an' day,
Don't mak' no difference seems to me
How long de tam you was gone away.

The Curé of Calumette

[The Curé of a French Canadian parish, when summoned to the bedside of a dying member of his flock, always carries in his buggy or sleigh a bell. This bell serves two purposes: first, it has the effect of clearing a way for the passage of the good priest's vehicle, and, secondly, it calls to prayer those of the faithful who are within hearing of its solemn tones.]

DERE'S no voyageur on de reever never run
hees canoe d'ecorce
T'roo de roar an' de rush of de rapide, w'ere it
jump lak a beeg w'ite horse,
Dere's no hunter man on de prairie, never wear
w'at you call racquette
Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of
Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder
is pure Canayenne,
Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she's fine
combination ma frien'
For de Irish he's full of de devil, an' de French
dey got savoir faire,
Dat's mak' it de very good balance an' tak' you
mos' ev'ryw'ere.

But dere's wan t'ing de Curé wont stan' it; mak' fun on de Irlandais
An' of course on de French we say not'ing, 'cos de parish she's all Canayen,
Den you see on account of de moder, he can't spik hese'f very moche,
So de ole joke she's all out of fashion, an' wan of dem t'ing we don't touch.

Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé, but w'en he be comin' our place
De peop' on de parish all w'isper, "How young he was look on hees face;
Too bad if de wedder she keel heem de firse tam he got leetle wet,
An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for it's purty tough place, Calumette!"

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he go on de mission call
On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin' hees own cariole,
An' he meet blaggar' feller been drinkin', jus' enough mak' heem ack lak fou,
Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he's purty beeg feller too!

Mebbe Joe he don't know it's de Curé, so he's
hollerin', "Get out de way,
If you don't geev me whole of de roadside,
sapree! you go off on de sleigh."
But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule on
de line leetle bit,
An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise, hees
nose it get badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong leetle Curé, an' he go for
Jo-zeph en masse
An' w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe isn't
feel it firse class,
So nex' tam de Curé he's goin' for visit de shain-
tee encore
Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never see
on dat place before.

An' he know more, I'm sure dan de lawyer, an'
dere's many poor habitant
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he t'ink
of de law
W'en dey get leetle troub' wit' each oder, an'
don't know de bes' t'ing to do,
Dat's makin' dem save plaintee monee, an' kip
de good neighbor too.

But w'en we fin' out how he paddle till canoe she
was nearly fly
An' travel racquette on de winter, w'en snow-
dreef is pilin' up high
For visit some poor man or woman dat's waitin'
de message of peace,
An' get dem prepare for de journey, we're proud
on de leetle pries'!

O! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put away
safe on de bed
An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe sittin' an'
watchin' de small curly head
We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de tonder,
de win' an' de rain;
So we're bote passin' out on de doorway, an'
lissen an' lissen again.

An' it's lonesome for see de beeg cloud sweepin'
across de sky
An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak some-
body's goin' to die,
But de soun' away down de valley, creepin'
aroun' de hill
All de tam gettin' closer, closer, dat's de soun'
mak' de heart stan' still!

It's de bell of de leetle Curé, de music of deat' we hear,
Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was comin' near
Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de lantern light,
An' he's gone from us, jus' lak a shadder, into de stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down de hill side an' over de bridge below,
W'ere creek run so high on de spring-tam, w'en mountain t'row off de snow,
An' so long as we hear heem goin', we kneel on de floor an' pray
Dat God will look affer de Curé, an' de poor soul dat's passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev it heem jus' de sam',
For w'en a man's doin' hees duty lak de Curé do all de tam
Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter he's riche or poor
Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look out for dat man, I'm sure.

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe know
not'ing at all,
But dere's wan t'ing I'm alway wishin', an
dat's w'en I get de call
For travel de far-away journey, ev'ry wan on de
worl' mus' go
He'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I'm leffin
dis place below.

For I know I'll be feel more easy, if he's sittin'
dere by de bed
An' he'll geev me de good-bye message, an'
place hees han' on ma head,
Den I'll hol' if he'll only let me, dat han' till
de las' las' breat'
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of
Calumette.

Little Lac Grenier
(*Gren-Yay*)

LEETLE Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Right on de mountain top,
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

LITTLE LAC GRENIER

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Up on de mountain high
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Back on de mountain dere,
But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm
For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose deer
An' caribou too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,
Onder de roof of spring
Ma canoe's afloat, an' de robin sing,
De lily's beginnin' her summer dress,
An' trout's wakin' up from hees long long res'.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I'm happy now,
Out on de ole canoe,
For I'm all alone, ma chere, wit' you,

An' if only a nice light rod I had
I'd try dat fish near de lily pad!

Leetle Lac Grenier, O! let me go,
Don't spik no more,
For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,
An' you know youse'f I'm too far away,
For visit you now—leetle Lac Grenier!

Johnnie Courteau

JOHNNIE COURTEAU of de mountain
Johnnie Courteau of de hill
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run
An' it's not very offen you ketch heem still
Johnnie Courteau!

Ax dem along de reever
Ax dem along de shore
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan?
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar,
Johnnie Courteau!

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac
Who was de man can walk de log,
W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit' fog
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?
Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem
If de raf' she's swingin' roun'
An' he's yellin' "Hooraw Bateese! good man!"
W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tête de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life
W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree
Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife?
Johnnie Courteau!

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
On Lac a la Tortue
W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill
But de bear very soon is get hees fill!
An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,
Johnnie Courteau!

Oh he never was scare for not'ing
Lak de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay
De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage
An' shout "All aboar' if you want to fight!"
Wall! you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry
On Philomene Beaurepaire
She's nice leetle girl was run de school
On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule
An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere
Johnnie Courteau!

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie
W'en he marry on Philomene
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun'
He chop de wood an' he plough de groun'
An' he's quieter feller was never seen,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun'
Along on de reever up an' down
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man
Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening
No matter de hard we try
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song

"A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner!
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long
Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby
Johnnie Courteau!

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it
De place she's so nice an' clean
Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Philomene watch de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere
But anyhow nobody see it dere
So she's buyin' new farm de noder day
MADAME Courteau!

Little Bateese

YOU bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'-père
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min' I s'pose it'll be all right

Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'père
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

When Albani Sang

WAS workin' away on de farm dere, wan morning not long ago,
Feexin' de fence for winter—'cos dat's w'ere we got de snow!
W'en Jeremie Plouffe, ma neighbor, come over an' spik wit' me,
"Antoine, you will come on de city, for hear Ma-dam All-ba-nee?"

"W'at you mean?" I was sayin' right off, me,
"Some woman was mak' de speech,
Or girl on de Hooraw Circus, doin' high kick an' screech?"
"Non—non," he is spikin'—"Excuse me, dat's be Ma-dam All-ba-nee
Was leevin' down here on de contree, two mile 'noder side Chambly.

"She's jus' comin' over from Englan', on steamboat arrive Kebeck,
Singin' on Lunnon, an' Paree, an' havin' beeg tam, I expec',
But no matter de moche she enjoy it, for travel all roun' de worl',
Somet'ing on de heart bring her back here, for she was de Chambly girl.

"She never do not'ing but singin' an' makin' de beeg grande tour
An' travel on summer an' winter, so mus' be de firs' class for sure!
Ev'ryboddy I'm t'inkin' was know her, an' I also hear 'noder t'ing,
She's frien' on La Reine Victoria an' show her de way to sing!"

"Wall," I say, "you're sure she is Chambly, w'at you call Ma-dam All-ba-nee?
Don't know me dat nam' on de Canton—I hope you're not fool wit' me?"
An' he say, "Lajeunesse, dey was call her, before she is come mariée,
But she's takin' de nam' of her husban'—I s'pose dat's de only way."

"C'est bon, mon ami," I was say me, "if I
get t'roo de fence nex' day
An' she don't want too moche on de monee,
den mebbe I see her play."
So I finish dat job on to-morrow, Jeremie he
was helpin' me too,
An' I say, "Len' me t'ree dollar quickly for
mak' de voyage wit' you."

Correc'—so we're startin' nex' morning, an'
arrive Montreal all right,
Buy dollar tiquette on de bureau, an' pass on
de hall dat night.
Beeg crowd, wall! I bet you was dere too, all
dress on some fancy dress,
De lady, I don't say not'ing, but man's all
w'ite shirt an' no ves'.

Don't matter, w'en ban' dey be ready, de fore-
man strek out wit' hees steek,
An' fiddle an' ev'ryt'ing else too, begin for
play up de musique.
It's fonny t'ing too dey was playin' don't lak
it mese'f at all,
I rader be lissen some jeeg, me, or w'at you
call "Affer de ball."

An' I'm not feelin' very surprise den, w'en de crowd holler out, "Encore,"
For mak' all dem feller commencin' an try leetle piece some more,
'Twas better wan' too, I be t'inkin', but slow lak you're goin' to die,
All de sam', noboddy say not'ing, dat mean dey was satisfy.

Affer dat come de Grande piano, lak we got on Chambly Hotel,
She's nice lookin' girl was play dat, so of course she's go off purty well,
Den feller he's ronne out an' sing some, it's all about very fine moon,
Dat shine on Canal, ev'ry night too, I'm sorry I don't know de tune.

Nex' t'ing I commence get excite, me, for I don't see no great Ma-dam yet,
Too bad I was los' all dat monee, an' too late for de raffle tiquette!
W'en jus' as I feel very sorry, for come all de way from Chambly,
Jeremie he was w'isper, "Tiens, Tiens, prenez garde, she's comin' Ma-dam All-ba-nee!"

Ev'ryboddy seem glad w'en dey see her, come walkin' right down de platform,
An' way dey mak' noise on de han' den, w'y! it's jus' lak de beeg tonder storm!
I'll never see not'ing lak dat, me, no matter I travel de worl',
An' Ma-dam, you t'ink it was scare her? Non, she laugh lak de Chambly girl!

Dere was young feller comin' behin' her, walk nice, comme un Cavalier,
An' before All-ba-nee she is ready an' piano get startin' for play,
De feller commence wit' hees singin' more stronger dan all de res',
I t'ink he's got very bad manner, know not'ing at all politesse.

Ma-dam, I s'pose she get mad den, an' before anyboddy can spik,
She settle right down for mak' sing too, an' purty soon ketch heem up quick,
Den she's kip it on gainin' an' gainin', till de song it is tout finis,
An', w'en she is beatin' dat feller, Bagosh! I am proud Chambly!

I'm not very sorry at all, me, w'en de feller
was ronnin' away,
An' man he's come out wit' de piccolo, an'
start heem right off for play,
For it's kin' de musique I be fancy, Jeremie
he is lak it also,
An' wan de bes' t'ing on dat ev'ning is man
wit' de piccolo!

Den mebbe ten minute is passin', Ma-dam she
is comin' encore,
Dis tam all alone on de platform, dat feller don't
show up no more,
An' w'en she start off on de singin' Jeremie
say, "Antoine, dat's Français,"
Dis give us more pleasure, I tole you, 'cos
w'y? We're de pure Canayen!

Dat song I will never forget me, 'twas song of
de leetle bird,
W'en he's fly from it's nes' on de tree top, 'fore
res' of de worl' get stirred,
Ma-dam she was tole us about it, den start off
so quiet an' low,
An' sing lak de bird on de morning, de poor
leetle small oiseau.

I 'member wan tam I be sleepin' jus' onder
some beeg pine tree
An' song of de robin wak' me, but robin he
don't see me,
Dere's not'ing for scarin' dat bird dere, he's
feel all alone on de worl',
Wall! Ma-dam she mus' lissen lak dat too, w'en
she was de Chambly girl!

'Cos how could she sing dat nice chanson, de
sam' as de bird I was hear,
Till I see it de maple an' pine tree an' Richelieu
ronnin' near,
Again I'm de leetle feller, lak young colt upon
de spring
Dat's jus' on de way I was feel, me, w'en Ma-
dam All-ba-nee is sing!

An' affer de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak'
noise wit' its han',
I s'pose dey be t'inkin' I'm crazy, dat mebbe
I don't onderstan',
'Cos I'm set on de chair very quiet, mese'f an'
poor Jeremie,
An' I see dat hees eye it was cry too, jus' sam'
way it go wit' me.

Dere's rosebush outside on our garden, ev'ry
spring it has got new nes',
But only wan bluebird is buil' dere, I know her
from all de res',
An' no matter de far she be flyin' away on de
winter tam,
Back to her own leetle rosebush she's comin'
dere jus' de sam'.

We're not de beeg place on our Canton, mebbe
cole on de winter, too,
But de heart's "Canayen" on our body, an'
dat's warm enough for true!
An' w'en All-ba-nee was got lonesome for travel
all roun' de worl'
I hope she'll come home, lak de bluebird an'
again be de Chambly girl!

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante"—A Legend of Lac St. Pierre

ON wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an' run below—

For de win' she blow lak hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too—
He call de crew from up de hole
He call de cook also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',—
De sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"
Den de captinne t'row de big ankerre,
But still the scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.

Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

Le Vieux Temps

VENEZ ici, mon cher ami, an' sit down by me—so
An' I will tole you story of old tam long ago—
W'en ev'ryt'ing is happy—w'en all de bird is sing
An' me!—I'm young an' strong lak moose an' not afraid no t'ing.

I close my eye jus' so, an' see de place w'ere I am born—
I close my ear an' lissen to musique of de horn,
Dat's horn ma dear ole moder blow—an' only t'ing she play
Is "viens donc vite Napoléon—'peche toi pour votre souper."—

An' w'en he's hear dat nice musique—ma leetle dog "Carleau"
Is place hees tail upon hees back—an' den he's let heem go—
He's jomp on fence—he's swimmin' crik—he's ronne two forty gait,
He say "dat's somet'ing good for eat—Carleau mus' not be late."

O dem was pleasure day for sure, dem day of long ago
W'en I was play wit' all de boy, an' all de girl also;
An' many tam w'en I'm alone an' t'ink of day gone by
An' pull latire an' spark de girl, I cry upon my eye.

Ma fader an' ma moder too, got nice, nice familee,
Dat's ten garçon an' t'orteen girl, was mak' it twenty t'ree
But fonny t'ing de Gouvernement don't geev de firs' prize den
Lak w'at dey say dey geev it now, for only wan douzaine.

De English peep dat only got wan familee small size
Mus' be feel glad dat tam dere is no honder acre prize
For fader of twelve chil'ren—dey know dat mus' be so,
De Canayens would boss Kebeck—mebbe Ontario.

But dat is not de story dat I was gone tole you
About de fun we use to have w'en we leev a chez nous
We're never lonesome on dat house, for many cavalier
Come at our place mos' every night—especially Sun-day.

But tam I 'member bes' is w'en I'm twenty wan year—me—
An' so for mak' some pleasurement—we geev wan large soirée
De whole paroisse she be invite—de Curé he's come too—
Wit' plaintee peep from 'noder place—dat's more I can tole you.

De night she's cole an' freeze also, chemin she's fill wit' snow
An' on de chimley lak phantome, de win' is mak' it blow—
But boy an' girl come all de sam' an' pass on grande parloir
For warm itself on beeg box stove, was mak' on Trois Rivières—

An' w'en Bonhomme Latour commence for
tune up hees fidelle
It mak' us all feel very glad—l'enfant! he play
so well,
Musique suppose to be firs' class, I offen hear,
for sure
But mos' bes' man, beat all de res', is ole Bateese
Latour—

An' w'en Bateese play Irish jeeg, he's learn
on Mattawa
Dat tam he's head boss cook Shaintee—den
leetle Joe Leblanc
Tak' hole de beeg Marie Juneau an' dance
upon de floor
Till Marie say "Excuse to me, I cannot dance
no more."—

An' den de Curé's mak' de speech—ole Curé
Ladouceur!
He say de girl was spark de boy too much on
some cornerre—
An' so he's tole Bateese play up ole fashion
reel a quatre
An' every body she mus' dance, dey can't get
off on dat.

Away she go—hooraw! hooraw! plus fort Bateese, mon vieux
Camille Bisson, please watch your girl—dat's bes' t'ing you can do.
Pass on de right an' tak' your place Mamzelle Des Trois Maisons
You're s'pose for dance on Paul Laberge, not Telesphore Gagnon.

Mon oncle Al-fred, he spik lak' dat—'cos he is boss de floor,
An' so we do our possibill an' den commence encore.
Dem crowd of boy an' girl I'm sure keep up until nex' day
If ole Bateese don't stop heseff, he come so fatigué.

An' affer dat, we eat some t'ing, tak' leetle drink also
An' de Curé, he's tole story of many year ago—
W'en Iroquois sauvage she's keel de Canayens an' steal deir hair,
An' say dat's only for Bon Dieu, we don't be here—he don't be dere.

But dat was mak' de girl feel scare—so all de cavalier
Was ax hees girl go home right off, an' place her on de sleigh,
An' w'en dey start, de Curé say, "Bonsoir et bon voyage
Menagez-vous—tak' care for you—prenez garde pour les sauvages."

An' den I go meseff also, an' tak' ma belle Elmire—
She's nicer girl on whole Comté, an' jus' got eighteen year—
Black hair—black eye, an' chick rosée dat's lak' wan fameuse on de fall
But don't spik much—not of dat kin', I can't say she love me at all.

Ma girl—she's fader beeg farmeur—leev 'noder side St. Flore
Got five-six honder acre—mebbe a leetle more—
Nice sugar bush—une belle maison—de bes' I never see—
So w'en I go for spark Elmire, I don't be mak' de foolish me—

Elmire!—she's pass t'ree year on school—Ste. Anne de la Perade.
An' w'en she's tak' de firs' class prize, dat's mak' de ole man glad;
He say "Ba gosh—ma girl can wash—can keep de kitchen clean
Den change her dress—mak' politesse before God save de Queen."

Dey's many way for spark de girl, an' you know dat of course,
Some way dey might be better way, an' some dey might be worse
But I lak' sit some cole night wit' my girl on ole burleau
Wit' lot of hay keep our foot warm—an' plaintee buffalo—

Dat's geev good chances get acquaint—an' if burleau upset
An' t'row you out upon de snow—dat's better chances yet—
An' if you help de girl go home, if horse he ronne away
De girl she's not much use at all—don't geev you nice baiser!

Dat's very well for fun ma frien', but w'en
you spark for keep
She's not sam' t'ing an' mak' you feel so scare
lak' leetle sheep
Some tam' you get de fever—some tam' you're
lak' snowball
An' all de tam' you ack lak' fou—can't spik no
t'ing at all.

Wall! dat's de way I feel meseff, wit' Elmire
on burleau,
Jus' lak' small dog try ketch hees tail—roun'
roun' ma head she go
But bimeby I come more brave—an' tak' El-
mire she's han'
"Laisse-moi tranquille" Elmire she say "You
mus' be crazy man."

"Yass—yass" I say "mebbe you t'ink I'm wan
beeg loup garou,
Dat's forty t'ousand 'noder girl, I lef' dem all
for you,
I s'pose you know Polique Gauthier your frien'
on St. Cesaire
I ax her marry me nex' wick—she tak' me—I
don't care."

Ba gosh; Elmire she don't lak' dat—it mak' her feel so mad—
She commence cry, say "Poleon you treat me very bad—
I don't lak' see you t'row you'seff upon Polique Gauthier,
So if you say you love me sure—we mak' de mariée."—

Oh it was fine tam affer dat—Castor I t'ink he know,
We're not too busy for get home—he go so nice an' slow,
He's only upset t'ree—four tam—an' jus' about daylight
We pass upon de ole man's place—an' every t'ing's all right.

Wall! we leev happy on de farm for nearly fifty year,
Till wan day on de summer tam—she die—ma belle Elmire
I feel so lonesome lef' behin'—I tink 'twas bes' mebbe—
Dat w'en le Bon Dieu tak' ma famme—he should not forget me.

But dat is hees biz-nesse ma frien'—I know
dat's all right dere
I'll wait till he call "'Poleon" den I will be
prepare—
An' w'en he fin' me ready, for mak' de longue
voyage
He guide me t'roo de wood hesef upon ma las'
portage.

"De Papineau Gun"—An Incident of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837

BON jour, M'sieu'—you want to know
'Bout dat ole gun—w'at good she's for?
W'y! Jean Bateese Bruneau—mon père,
Fight wit' dat gun on Pap'neau War!

Long tam since den you say—C'est vrai,
An' me too young for 'member well,
But how de patriot fight an' die,
I offen hear de ole folk tell.

De English don't ack square dat tam,
Don't geev de habitants no show,
So 'long come Wolfred Nelson
Wit' Louis Joseph Papineau.

An' swear de peep mus' have deir right.
Wolfred he's write Victoriaw,
But she's no good, so den de war
Commence among de habitants.

Mon pêre he leev to Grande Brulé.
So smarter man you never see,
Was alway on de grande hooraw!
Plaintee w'at you call "Esprit!"

An' w'en dey form wan compagnie
All dress wit' tuque an' ceinture sash
Ma fader tak' hees gun wit' heem
An' marche away to Saint Eustache,

W'ere many patriots was camp
Wit' brave Chenier, deir Capitaine,
W'en 'long come English Generale,
An' more two t'ousan' sojer man.

De patriot dey go on church
An' feex her up deir possibill;
Dey fight deir bes', but soon fin' out
"Canon de bois" no good for kill.

An' den de church she come on fire,
An' burn almos' down to de groun',

So w'at you t'ink our man can do
Wit' all dem English armee roun'?

'Poleon, hees sojer never fight
More brave as dem poor habitants,
Chenier, he try for broke de rank
Chenier come dead immediatement.

He fall near w'ere de cross is stan'
Upon de ole church cimitiere,
Wit' Jean Poulin an' Laframboise
An' plaintee more young feller dere.

De gun dey rattle lak' tonnere
Jus' bang, bang, bang! dat's way she go,
An' wan by wan de brave man's fall
An' red blood's cover all de snow.

Ma fader shoot so long he can
An' den he's load hees gun some more,
Jomp on de ice behin' de church
An' pass heem on de 'noder shore.

Wall! he reach home fore very long
An' keep perdu for many day,
Till ev'ry t'ing she come tranquille,
An' sojer man all gone away.

An' affer dat we get our right,
De Canayens don't fight no more,
Ma fader's never shoot dat gun,
But place her up above de door.

An' Papineau, an' Nelson too
Dey're gone long tam, but we are free,
Le Bon Dieu have 'em 'way up dere.
Salut, Wolfred! Salut, Louis!

How Bateese Came Home

W'EN I was young boy on de farm, dat's twenty year ago
I have wan frien' he's leev near me, call Jean Bateese Trudeau
An' offen w'en we are alone, we lak for spik about
De tam w'en we was come beeg man, wit' moustache on our mout'.

Bateese is get it on hees head, he's too moche educate
For mak' de habitant farmerre—he better go on State—
An' so wan summer evening we're drivin' home de cow
He's tole me all de whole beez-nesse—jus' lak you hear me now.

"W'at's use mak' foolish on de farm? dere's
no good chances lef'
An' all de tam you be poor man—you know
dat's true you'se'f;
We never get no fun at all—don't never go on
spree
Onless we pass on 'noder place, an' mak' it
some monee.

"I go on Les Etats Unis, I go dere right away
An' den mebbe on ten-twelve year, I be riche
man some day,
An' w'en I mak' de large fortune, I come back
I s'pose
Wit' Yankee famme from off de State, an'
monee on my clothes.

"I tole you somet'ing else also—mon cher
Napoleon
I get de grande majorité, for go on parlia-
ment
Den buil' fine house on borde l'eau—near w'ere
de church is stand
More finer dan de Presbytere, w'en I am come
riche man!"

I say "For w'at you spik lak dat? you must
be gone crazee
Dere's plaintee feller on de State, more smarter
dan you be,
Beside she's not so healtee place, an' if you
mak' l'argent,
You spen' it jus' lak Yankee man, an' not lak
habitant.

"For me Bateese! I tole you dis: I'm very
satisfy—
De bes' man don't leev too long tam, some
day Ba Gosh! he die—
An' s'pose you got good trotter horse, an' nice
famme Canadienne
Wit' plaintee on de house for eat—W'at more
you want ma frien'?"

But Bateese have it all mak' up, I can't stop
him at all
He's buy de seconde classe tiquette, for go on
Central Fall—
An' wit' two-t'ree some more de boy,—w'at
t'ink de sam' he do
Pass on de train de very nex' wick, was lef'
Rivière du Loup.

. . . . . .

Wall! mebbe fifteen year or more, since Bateese
go away
I fin' mesef Rivière du Loup, wan cole, cole
winter day
De quick express she come hooraw! but stop
de soon she can
An' beeg swell feller jomp off car, dat's boss
by nigger man.

He's dressim on de première classe, an' got
new suit of clothes
Wit' long moustache dat's stickim out, de 'noder
side hees nose
Fine gol' watch chain—nice portmanteau—an'
long, long overcoat
Wit' beaver hat—dat's Yankee style—an' red
tie on hees t'roat—

I say "Hello Bateese! Hello! Comment ça va
mon vieux?"
He say "Excuse to me, ma frien' I t'ink I don't
know you."
I say, "She's very curis t'ing, you are Bateese
Trudeau,
Was raise on jus' sam' place wit' me, dat's
fifteen year ago?"

He say, "Oh yass dat's sure enough—I know
you now firs' rate,
But I forget mos' all ma French since I go on
de State.
Dere's 'noder t'ing kip on your head, ma frien'
dey mus' be tole
Ma name's Bateese Trudeau no more, but
John B. Waterhole!"

"Hole on de water's" fonny name for man
w'at's call Trudeau
Ma frien's dey all was spik lak dat, an' I am
tole heem so—
He say "Trudeau an' Waterhole she's jus'
about de sam'
An' if you go for leev on State, you must have
Yankee nam'."

Den we invite heem come wit' us, "Hotel du
Canadaw"
W'ere he was treat mos' ev'ry tam, but can't
tak' w'isky blanc,
He say dat's leetle strong for man jus' come
off Central Fall
An' "tabac Canayen" bedamme! he won't
smoke dat at all!—

But fancy drink lak "Collings John" de way
he put it down
Was long tam since I don't see dat—I t'ink
he's goin' drown!—
An' fine cigar cos' five cent each, an' mak' on
Trois-Rivières
L'enfant! he smoke beeg pile of dem—for
monee he don't care!—

I s'pose meseff it's t'ree o'clock w'en we are
t'roo dat night
Bateese, hees fader come for heem, an' tak'
heem home all right
De ole man say Bateese spik French, w'en he
is place on bed—
An' say bad word—but w'en he wake—forget
it on hees head—

Wall! all de winter w'en we have soirée dat's
grande affaire
Bateese Trudeau, dit Waterhole, he be de boss
man dere—
You bet he have beeg tam, but w'en de spring
is come encore
He's buy de première classe tiquette for go on
State some more.

. . . . . .

You 'member w'en de hard tam come on Les
Etats Unis
An' plaintee Canayens go back for stay deir
own contrée?
Wall! jus' about dat tam again I go Rivière
du Loup
For sole me two t'ree load of hay—mak' leetle
visit too—

De freight train she is jus' arrive—only ten
hour delay—
She's never carry passengaire—dat's w'at dey
always say—
I see poor man on char caboose—he's got heem
small valise
Begosh! I nearly tak' de fit,—It is—it is
Bateese!

He know me very well dis tam, an' say "Bon
jour, mon vieux
I hope you know Bateese Trudeau was educate
wit' you
I'm jus' come off de State to see ma familee
encore
I bus' mesef on Central Fall—I don't go dere
no more.

"I got no monee—not at all—I'm broke it up for sure—
Dat's locky t'ing, Napoleon, de brakeman Joe Latour
He's cousin of wan frien' of me call Camille Valiquette,
Conductor too's good Canayen—don't ax me no tiquette."

I tak' Bateese wit' me once more "Hotel du Canadaw"
An' he was glad for get de chance drink some good w'isky blanc!
Dat's warm heem up, an den he eat mos' ev'ry-t'ing he see,
I watch de w'ole beez-nesse mese'f—Monjee! he was hongree!

Madame Charette wat's kip de place get very much excite
For see de many pork an' bean Bateese put out of sight
Du pain doré—potate pie—an' 'noder t'ing be dere
But w'en Bateese is get heem t'roo—dey go I don't know w'ere.

It don't tak' long for tole de news "Bateese
come off de State"
An' purty soon we have beeg crowd, lak village
she's en fête
Bonhomme Maxime Trudeau hese'f, he's comin'
wit' de pries'
An' pass' heem on de "Room for cat" w'ere
he is see Bateese.

Den ev'rybody feel it glad, for watch de em-
brasser
An' bimeby de ole man spik "Bateese you here
for stay?"
Bateese he's cry lak beeg bebè, "Bâ j'eux rester
ici.
An' if I never see de State, I'm sure I don't
care—me."

"Correc'," Maxime is say right off, "I place
you on de farm
For help your poor ole fader, won't do you too
moche harm
Please come wit' me on Magasin, I feex you
up—bâ oui
An' den you're ready for go home an' see de
familee."

Wall! w'en de ole man an' Bateese come off de
Magasin
Bateese is los' hees Yankee clothes—he's dress
lak Canayen
Wit' bottes sauvages—ceinture fléché—an' coat
wit' capuchon
An' spik Français au naturel, de sam' as habitant.

. . . . . .

I see Bateese de oder day, he's work hees fader's
place
I t'ink mese'f he's satisfy—I see dat on hees face
He say "I got no use for State, mon cher Napoleon
Kebeck she's good enough for me—Hooraw
pour Canadaw."

De Nice Leetle Canadienne

YOU can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien' dat's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
De nice leetle Canadienne.

DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree
An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariée,
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat
An' bodder hese'f all de tam, night an' day,
Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma famme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,
An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
No smarter crowd you never see—
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten,
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she's quick an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
If you know correc' way go about,
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so
Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
She will mak' it more beautiful den,
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

'Poleon Doré—A Tale of the Saint Maurice

YOU have never hear de story of de young Napoleon Doré?
Los' hees life upon de reever w'en de lumber drive go down?
W'ere de rapide roar lak tonder, dat's de place he's goin' onder,
W'en he's try save Paul Desjardins, 'Poleon hese'f is drown.

All de winter on de Shaintee, tam she's good and work she's plaintee,
But we're not feel very sorry, w'en de sun is warm hees face,

W'en de mooshrat an' de beaver, tak' some leetle swim on reever,
An' de sout' win' scare de snowbird, so she fly some col'er place.

Den de spring is set in steady, an' we get de log all ready,
Workin' hard all day an' night too, on de water mos' de tam,
An' de skeeter w'en dey fin' us, come so quickly nearly blin' us,
Biz—biz—biz—biz—all aroun' us till we feel lak sacrédam.

All de sam' we're hooraw feller, from de top of house to cellar,
Ev'ry boy he's feel so happy, w'en he's goin' right away,
See hees fader an' hees moder, see hees sister an' hees broder,
An' de girl he spark las' summer, if she's not get mariée.

Wall we start heem out wan morning, an' de pilot geev us warning,
"W'en you come on Rapide Cuisse, ma frien', keep raf' she's head on shore.

If you struck beeg rock on middle, w'ere le
diable is play hees fiddle,
Dat's de tam you pass on some place, you
don't never pass before."

But we'll not t'ink moche of danger, for de
rapide she's no stranger
Many tam we're runnin' t'roo it, on de fall
an' on de spring,
On mos' ev'ry kin' of wedder dat le Bon Dieu
scrape togedder,
An' we'll never drown noboddy, an' we'll
never bus' somet'ing.

Dere was Telesphore Montbriand, Paul Desjar-
dins, Louis Guyon,
Bill McKeever, Aleck Gauthier, an' hees
cousin Jean Bateese,
'Poleon Doré, Aimé Beaulieu, wit' some more
man I can't tole you,
Dat was mak' it bes' gang never run upon de
St. Maurice.

Dis is jus' de tam I wish me, I could spik de
good English—me—
For tole you of de pleasurement we get upon
de spring,

W'en de win' she's all a sleepin', an' de raf' she go a sweepin'
Down de reever on some morning, w'ile le rossignol is sing.

Ev'ryt'ing so nice an' quiet on de shore as we pass by it,
All de tree got fine new spring suit, ev'ry wan she's dress on green
W'y it mak' us all more younger, an' we don't feel any hunger,
Till de cook say "'Raw for breakfas'," den we smell de pork an' bean.

Some folk say she's bad for leever, but for man work hard on reever,
Dat's de bes' t'ing I can tole you, dat was never yet be seen,
Course dere's oder t'ing ah tak' me, fancy dish also I lak me,
But w'en I want somet'ing solid, please pass me de pork an' bean.

All dis tam de raf' she's goin' lak steamboat was got us towin'
All we do is keep de channel, an' dat's easy workin' dere,

So we sing some song an' chorus, for de good tam dat's before us,
W'en de w'ole beez-nesse she's finish, an' we come on Trois Rivières.

But bad luck is sometam fetch us, for beeg strong win' come an' ketch us,
Jus' so soon we struck de rapide—jus' so soon we see de smoke,
An' before we spik some prayer for ourse'f dat's fightin' dere,
Roun' we come upon de beeg rock, an' it's den de raf' she broke.

Dat was tam poor Paul Desjardins, from de parish of St. Germain,
He was long way on de fronte side, so he's fallin' overboar'
Couldn't swim at all de man say, but dat's more ma frien', I can say,
Any how he's look lak drownin', so we'll t'row him two t'ree oar.

Dat's 'bout all de help our man do, dat's 'bout ev'ryt'ing we can do,
As de crib we're hangin' onto balance on de rock itse'f,

Till de young Napoleon Doré, heem I start for
tole de story,
Holler out, "Mon Dieu, I don't lak see poor
Paul go drown hese'f."

So he's mak' beeg jomp on water, jus' de sam
you see some otter
An' he's pass on place w'ere Paul is tryin'
hard for keep afloat,
Den we see Napoleon ketch heem, try hees
possibill for fetch heem
But de current she's more stronger, an' de
eddy get dem bote.

O Mon Dieu! for see dem two man, mak' me
feel it cry lak woman,
Roun' an' roun' upon de eddy, quickly dem
poor feller go,
Can't tole wan man from de oder, an' we'll
know dem bote lak broder,
But de fight she soon is finish—Paul an'
'Poleon go below.

Yass, an' all de tam we stay dere, only t'ing
we do is pray dere,
For de soul poor drownin' feller, dat's enough
mak' us feel mad,

Torteen voyageurs, all brave man, glad get any
chances save man,
But we don't see no good chances, can't do
not'ing, dat's too bad.

Wall! at las' de crib she's come way off de
rock, an' den on some way,
By an' by de w'ole gang's 'passin' on safe
place below de Cuisse,
Ev'ryboddy's heart she's breakin', w'en dey
see poor Paul he's taken
Wit' de young Napoleon Doré, bes' boy on
de St. Maurice!

An' day affer, Bill McKeever fin' de bote man
on de reever,
Wit' deir arm aroun' each oder, mebbe pass
above dat way—
So we bury dem as we fin' dem, w'ere de pine
tree wave behin' dem
An' de Grande Montagne he's lookin' down
on Marcheterre Bay.

You can't hear no church bell ring dere, but le
rossignol is sing dere,
An' w'ere ole red cross she's stannin', mebbe
some good ange gardien,

Watch de place w'ere bote man sleepin', keep
de reever grass from creepin'
On de grave of 'Poleon Doré, an' of poor
Paul Desjardins.

De Notaire Publique

M'SIEU Paul Joulin, de Notaire Publique
Is come I s'pose seexty year hees life
An' de mos' riche man on Sainte Angelique
W'en he feel very sorry he got no wife—
So he's paint heem hees buggy, lak new, by
Gor!
Put flower on hees coat, mak' hese'f more
gay
Arrange on hees head fine chapeau castor
An' drive on de house of de Boulanger.

For de Boulanger's got heem une jolie fille
Mos' bes' lookin' girl on paroisse dey say
An' all de young feller is lak Julie
An' plaintee is ax her for mak' mariée,
But Julie she's love only jus' wan man,
Hees nam' it is Jérémie Dandurand
An' he's work for her sak' all de hard he can
'Way off on de wood, up de Mattawa.

M'Sieu Paul he spik him "Bonjour Mamzelle,
You lak promenade on de church wit' me?
Jus' wan leetle word an' we go ma belle
An' see heem de Curé toute suite, chérie;
I dress you de very bes' style à la mode,
If you promise for be Madame Paul Joulin,
For I got me fine house on Bord à Plouffe road
Wit' mor'gage also on de Grande Moulin."

But Julie she say "Non, non, M'Sieu Paul,
Dat's not correc' t'ing for poor Jérémie
For I love dat young feller lak not'ing at all,
An' I'm very surprise you was not know me.
Jérémie w'en he's geev me dat nice gol' ring,
Las' tam he's gone off on de Mattawa
Say he's got 'noder wan w'en he's come nex' spring
Was mak' me for sure Madame Dandurand.

"I t'ank you de sam' M'Sieu Paul Joulin
I s'pose I mus' be de wife wan poor man
Wit' no chance at all for de Grande Moulin,
But leev all de tam on some small cabane."
De Notaire Publique den is tak' hees hat,
For he t'ink sure enough dat hees dog she's dead;
Dere's no use mak' love on de girl lak dat,
Wit' not'ing but young feller on de head.

Julie she's feel lonesome mos' all dat week,
Don't know w'at may happen she wait till spring
Den t'ink de fine house of Notaire Publique
An' plaintee more too—but love's funny t'ing!
So nex' tam she see de Notaire again,
She laugh on her eye an' say "M'Sieu Paul
Please pass on de house, or you ketch de rain,
Dat's very long tam you don't come at all."

She's geev him so soon he's come on de door
Du vin de pays, an' some nice galettes,
She's mak' dem herse'f only day before
An' he say "Bigosh! dat is fine girl yet."
So he's try hees chances some more—hooraw!
Julie is not mak' so moche troub' dis tam;
She's forget de poor Jérémie Dandurand
An' tole de Notaire she will be hees famme.

W'en Jérémie come off de wood nex' spring,
An' fin' dat hees girl she was get mariée
Everybody's expec' he will do somet'ing,
But he don't do not'ing at all, dey say;
For he's got 'noder girl on Sainte Dorothée,
Dat he's love long tam, an' she don't say "No,"
So he's forget too all about Julie
An' mak' de mariée wit' hese'f also.

Memories

O SPIRIT of the mountain that speaks to us to-night,
Your voice is sad, yet still recalls past visions of delight,
When 'mid the grand old Laurentides, old when the earth was new,
With flying feet we followed the moose and caribou.

And backward rush sweet memories, like fragments of a dream,
We hear the dip of paddle blades, the ripple of the stream,
The mad, mad rush of frightened wings from brake and covert start,
The breathing of the woodland, the throb of nature's heart.

Once more beneath our eager feet the forest carpet springs,
We march through gloomy valleys, where the vesper sparrow sings.
The little minstrel heeds us not, nor stays his plaintive song,
As with our brave coureurs de bois we swiftly pass along.

Again o'er dark Wayagamack, in bark canoe we glide,
And watch the shades of evening glance along the mountain side.
Anon we hear resounding the wizard loon's wild cry,
And mark the distant peak whereon the ling'ring echoes die.

But Spirit of the Northland! let the winter breezes blow,
And cover every giant crag with rifts of driving snow.
Freeze every leaping torrent, bind all the crystal lakes,
Tell us of fiercer pleasures when the Storm King awakes.

And now the vision changes, the winds are loud and shrill,
The falling flakes are shrouding the mountain and the hill,
But safe within our snug cabane with comrades gathered near,
We set the rafters ringing with "Roulant" and "Brigadier."

Then after Pierre and Telesphore have danced
"Le Caribou,"
Some hardy trapper tells a tale of the dreaded
Loup Garou,
Or phantom bark in moonlit heavens, with
prow turned to the East,
Bringing the Western voyageurs to join the
Christmas feast.

And while each backwoods troubadour is greeted
with huzza
Slowly the homely incense of "tabac Cana-
yen"
Rises and sheds its perfume like flowers of
Araby,
O'er all the true-born loyal Enfants de la
Patrie.

And thus with song and story, with laugh and
jest and shout,
We heed not dropping mercury nor storms
that rage without,
But pile the huge logs higher till the chimney
roars with glee,
And banish spectral visions with La Chanson
Normandie.

"Brigadier! répondit Pandore,
Brigadier! vous avez raison,
Brigadier! répondit Pandore,
Brigadier! vous avez raison!"

O spirit of the mountain! that speaks to us
to-night,
Return again and bring us new dreams of past
delight,
And while our heart-throbs linger, and till our
pulses cease,
We'll worship thee among the hills where flows
the Saint-Maurice.

De Stove Pipe Hole

DAT'S very cole an' stormy night on Village
St. Mathieu,
W'en ev'ry wan he's go couché, an' dog was
quiet, too—
Young Dominique is start heem out see Em-
meline Gourdon,
Was leevin' on her fader's place, Maxime de
Forgeron.

Poor Dominique he's lak dat girl, an' love her
mos' de tam,
An' she was mak' de promise—sure—some day
she be his famme,
But she have worse ole fader dat's never on de
worl',
Was swear onless he's riche lak diable, no feller's
get hees girl.

He's mak' it plaintee fuss about hees daughter
Emmeline,
Dat's mebbe nice girl, too, but den, Mon Dieu,
she's not de queen!
An' w'en de young man's come aroun' for
spark it on de door,
An' hear de ole man swear "Bapteme!" he's
never come no more.

Young Dominique he's sam' de res',—was scare
for ole Maxime,
He don't lak risk hese'f too moche for chances
seein' heem,
Dat's only stormy night he come, so dark you
cannot see,
An dat's de reason w'y also, he's climb de gallerie.

De girl she's waitin' dere for heem—don't
care about de rain,
So glad for see young Dominique he's comin'
back again,
Dey bote forget de ole Maxime, an' mak de
embrasser
An' affer dey was finish dat, poor Dominique is
say—

"Good-bye, dear Emmeline, good-bye; I'm
goin' very soon,
For you I got no better chance, dan feller on de
moon—
It's all de fault your fader, too, dat I be go
away,
He's got no use for me at all—I see dat ev'ry
day.

"He's never meet me on de road but he is say
'Sapré!'
An' if he ketch me on de house I'm scare he's
killin' me,
So I mus' lef' ole St. Mathieu, for work on
'noder place,
An' till I mak de beeg for-tune, you never see
ma face."

Den Emmeline say "Dominique, ma love you'll alway be
An' if you kiss me two, t'ree tam I'll not tole noboddy—
But prenez garde ma fader, please, I know he's gettin' ole—
All sam' he offen walk de house upon de stockin' sole.

"Good-bye, good-bye, cher Dominique! I know you will be true,
I don't want no riche feller me, ma heart she go wit' you,"
Dat's very quick he's kiss her den, before de fader come,
But don't get too moche pleasurement—so 'fraid de ole Bonhomme.

Wall! jus' about dey're half way t'roo wit all dat love beez-nesse
Emmeline say, "Dominique, w'at for you're scare lak all de res'?
Don't see mese'f moche danger now de ole man come aroun',"
W'en minute affer dat, dere's noise, lak' house she's fallin' down.

Den Emmeline she holler "Fire! will no wan
come for me?"
An Dominique is jomp so high, near bus' de
gallerie,—
"Help! help! right off," somebody shout, "I'm
killin' on ma place,
It's all de fault ma daughter, too, dat girl she's
ma disgrace."

He's kip it up long tam lak dat, but not hard
tellin' now,
W'at's all de noise upon de house—who's kick
heem up de row?
It seem Bonhomme was sneak aroun' upon de
stockin' sole,
An' firs' t'ing den de ole man walk right t'roo
de stove pipe hole.

W'en Dominique is see heem dere, wit' wan
leg hang below,
An' 'noder leg straight out above, he's glad
for ketch heem so—
De ole man can't do not'ing, den, but swear
and ax for w'y
Noboddy tak' heem out dat hole before he's
comin' die.

Den Dominique he spik lak dis, "Mon cher
M'sieur Gourdon
I'm not riche city feller, me, I'm only hab-
itant,
But I was love more I can tole your daughter
Emmeline,
An' if I marry on dat girl, Bagosh! she's lak de
Queen.

"I want you mak de promise now, before it's
come too late,
An' I mus' tole you dis also, dere's not moche
tam for wait.
Your foot she's hangin' down so low, I'm 'fraid
she ketch de cole,
Wall! if you give me Emmeline, I pull you out
de hole."

Dat mak' de ole man swear more hard he never
swear before,
An' wit' de foot he's got above, he's kick it
on de floor,
"Non, non," he say "Sapré tonnerre! she never
marry you,
An' if you don't look out you get de jail on
St. Mathieu."

"Correc'," young Dominique is say, "mebbe
de jail's tight place,
But you got wan small corner, too, I see it on
de face,
So if you don't lak geev de girl on wan poor
habitant,
Dat's be mese'f, I say, Bonsoir, mon cher
M'sieur Gourdon."

"Come back, come back," Maxime is shout—
"I promise you de girl,
I never see no wan lak you—no never on de
worl'!
It's not de nice trick you was play on man dat's
gettin' ole,
But do jus' w'at you lak, so long you pull me
out de hole."

"Hooraw! Hooraw!" Den Dominique is pull
heem out tout suite
An' Emmeline she's helpin' too for place heem
on de feet,
An' affer dat de ole man's tak' de young peep
down de stair,
W'ere he is go couché right off, an' dey go on
parloir.

Nex' Sunday morning dey was call by M'sieur
le Curé.
Get marry soon, an' ole Maxime geev Emmeline
away;
Den affer dat dey settle down lak habitant is
do,
An' have de mos' fine familee on Village St.
Mathieu.

The Hill of St. Sebastien

I OUGHT to feel more satisfy an' happy dan
I be,
For better husban' dan ma own, it's very hard
to fin'
An' plaintee woman if dey got such boy an' girl
as me
Would never have no troub' at all, an' not'ing
on deir min'
But w'ile dey're alway wit' me, an' dough I love
dem all
I can't help t'inkin' w'en I watch de chil'ren
out at play
Of tam I'm just lak dat mese'f, an' den de tear
will fall
For de hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

It seem so pleasan' w'en I come off here ten year ago
An' hardes' work I'm gettin' den, was never heavy load,
De roughes' place is smoot' enough, de quickes' gait is slow
For glad I am to foller w'ere Louis lead de road
But somet'ing's comin' over me, I feel it more an' more
It's alway pullin' on de heart, an' stronger ev'ry day,
An' O! I long to see again de reever an' de shore
W'ere de hill of St. Sebastien is lookin' on de bay!

I use to t'ink it's fine t'ing once, to stan' upon de door
An' see de great beeg medder dere, stretchin' far an' wide,
An' smell de pleasan' flower dat grow lak star on de prairie floor,
An' watch de spotted antelope was feedin' ev'ry side,

How did we gain it, man an' wife, dis lan' was
no man's lan'?
By rifle, an' harrow an' plow, shovel an' spade
an' hoe
De blessin' of good God up above, an' work of our
own strong han'
Till it stan' on de middle, our leetle nes', w'ere
de wheat an' cornfiel' grow.

An' soon de chil'ren fill de house, wit' musique
all day long,
De sam' ma moder use to sing on de cradle over
me,
I'm almos' sorry it's be ma fault dey learn dem
ole tam song
W'at good is it tak' me off lak dat back on ma
own contree?
Till de reever once more I see again, an' lissen
its current flow
An' dere's Hercule de ferry man comin' across
de bay!
Wat's use of foolin' me lak dat? for surely I
mus' know
De hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

W'en Louis ketch me dat summer night watchin' de sky above,
Seein' de mountain an' de lake, wit' small boat sailin' roun'
He kiss me an' say—"Toinette, I'm glad dis prairie lan' you love
For travel de far you can, ma belle, it's fines' on top de groun'!"
Jus' w'en I'm lookin' dat beeg cloud too, standin' dere lak a wall!
Sam' as de hill I know so well, home on ma own contree,
Good job I was cryin' quiet den, an' Louis can't hear at all
But I kiss de poor feller an' laugh, an' never say not'ing—me.

W'at can you do wit' man lak dat, an' w'y am I bodder so?
De firse t'ing he might fin' it out, den hees heart will feel it sore
An' if he say "Come home Toinette," I'm sure I mus' answer "No,"
For if I'm seein' dat place again, I never return no more!

So let de heart break—I don't care, I won't
say not'ing—me—
I'll mak' dat promise on mese'f, an' kip it night
an' day
But O! Mon Dieu! how glad, how glad, an'
happy I could be
If de hill of St. Sebastien was not so far
away!

Mon Frere Camille

MON frere Camille he was firse class blood
W'en he come off de State las' fall,
Wearin' hees boot a la mode box toe
An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also
Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go;
But now he's no blood at all,
Camille, mon frere.

W'at 's makin' dat change on mon frere Camille?
Wall! lissen for minute or two,
An' I'll try feex it up on de leetle song
Dat's geevin' some chance kin' o' help it along
So wedder I'm right or wedder I'm wrong
You'll know all about heem w'en I get t'roo,
Mon frere Camille.

He never sen' letter for t'orteen year
So of course he mus' be all right
Till telegraph's comin' from Kan-Ka-Kee
"I'm leffin' dis place on de half pas' t'ree
W'at you want to bring is de bes' buggee
An' double team sure for me t'orsday night
Ton frere Camille."

I wish you be dere w'en Camille arrive
I bet you will say "W'at's dat?"
For he's got leetle cap very lak tuque bleu
Ole habitant's wearin' in bed, dat's true,
An' w'at do you t'ink he carry too?
Geev it up? Wall! small valise wit' de fine plug hat.
Mon frere Camille.

"Very strange." I know you will say right off,
For dere's not'ing wrong wit' hees clothes,
An' he put on style all de bes' he can
Wit' diamon' shinin' across hees han'
An' de way he's talkin' lak Yankee man
Mus' be purty hard on hees nose,
Mon frere Camille.

But he 'splain all dat about funny cap,
An' tole us de reason w'y,
It seem no feller can travel far,
An' specially too on de Pullman car,
'Less dey wear leetle cap only cos' dollarre,
Dat's true if he never die,
Mon frere Camille.

Don't look very strong dem fancy boot
But he's 'splain all dat also
He say paten' ledder she's nice an' gay
You don't need to polish dem ev'ry day,
Besides he's too busy for dat alway,
W'en he's leevin' on Chi-caw-go,
Mon frere Camille.

But de State she wasn't de only place
He visit all up an' down,
For he's goin' Cu-baw an' de Mex-i-co,
W'ere he's killin' two honder dem wil' taureau,
W'at you call de bull: on de circus show,
O! if you believe heem he travel roun'.
Mon frere Camille.

So of course w'en ma broder was gettin' home
All the peop' on de parish come
Every night on de parlor for hear heem tell
How he foller de brave Generale Roosvel'
W'en rough rider feller dey fight lak hell
An' he walk on de front wit' great beeg drum,
Mon frere Camille.

An' how is he gainin' dat diamon' ring?
Way off on de Mex-i-co
W'ere he's pilin' de bull wan summer day
Till it's not easy haulin' dem all away,
An' de lady dey're t'rowin' heem large bouquet
For dey lak de style he was keel taureau,
Mon frere Camille.

Wall! he talk dat way all de winter t'roo,
An' hees frien' dey was tryin' fin'
Some bull on de county dat's wil' enough
For mon frere Camille, but it's purty tough
'Cos de farmer's not raisin' such fightin' stuff
An' he don't want not'ing but mos' worse kin'
Mon frere Camille.

Dat's not pleasan' t'ing mebbe los' hees trade,
If we don't hurry up, for sure,
I s'pose you t'ink I was goin' it strong?
Never min', somet'ing happen 'fore very long
It'll all come out on dis leetle song
W'en he pass on de house of Ma-dame Latour
Camille, mon frere.

We're makin' pique-nique on Denise Latour
For helpin' put in de hay
Too bad she's de moder large familee
An' los' de bes' husban' she never see
W'en he drown on de reever, poor Jeremie,
So he come wit' de res' of de gang dat day,
Camille, mon frere.

An' affer de hay it was put away
Don't tak' very long at all,
De boy an' de girl she was lookin' 'roun'
For havin' more fun 'fore dey lef' de groun'
An' dey see leetle bull, mebbe t'ree honder poun'
An' nex' t'ing I hear dem call
Mon frere Camille.

So nice leetle feller I never see
Dat bull of Ma-dame Latour
Wit' curly hair on de front hees head
An' quiet? jus' sam' he was almos' dead
An' fat? wall! de chil'ren dey see heem fed
So he's not goin' keel heem I'm very sure,
Mon frere Camille.

But de girl kip teasin' an' ole Ma-dame
She say, "You can go ahead
He cos' me four dollarre six mont' ago
So if anyt'ing happen ma small taureau,
Who's pay me dat monee I lak to know?"
An' he answer, "Dat's me w'en I keel heem dead"
Mon frere Camille.

Den he feex beeg knife on de twelve foot pole,
So de chil'ren commence to cry
An' he jomp on de fence, an' yell, "Hooraw"
An' shout on de leetle French bull "Dis donc!
Ain't you scare w'en you see feller from Cubaw?"
An' he show heem hees red necktie,
Mon frere Camille.

L'petit taureau w'en he see dat tie
He holler for half a mile
Den he jomp on de leg an' he raise de row
Ba Golly! I'm sure I can see heem now.
An' dey run w'en dey hear heem, de noder cow
Den he say, "Dat bull must be surely wil'"
Mon frere Camille.

But de bull don't care w'at he say at all,
For he's watchin' dat red necktie
An' w'en ma broder he push de pole
I'm sure it's makin' some purty large hole,
If de bull be dere, but ma blood run col'
For de nex' t'ing I hear heem cry,
Camille, mon frere.

No wonder he cry, for dat sapree bull
He's yell leetle bit some more,
Den he ketch ma broder dat small taureau
Only cos' four dollarre six mont' ago
An' he's t'rowin' heem up from de groun' below
Wan tam, two tam, till he's feelin' sore,
Camille, mon frere.

An' w'en ma broder's come down agen
I s'pose he mus' change hees min'
An' mebbe t'ink if it's all de sam'
He'll keel dat bull w'en he get more tam
For dere he was runnin' wit' ole Ma-dame
De chil'ren, de bull, an' de cow behin'
Camille, mon frere.

So dat's de reason he's firse class blood
W'en he come off de State las' fall
Wearin' hees boot a la mode box toe
An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also
Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go
But now he's no blood at all,
Camille, mon frere.

Strathcona's Horse

(*Dedicated to Lord Strathcona*)

O I was thine, and thou wert mine, and ours the boundless plain,
Where the winds of the North, my gallant steed, ruffled thy tawny mane,
But the summons hath come with roll of drum, and bugles ringing shrill,
Startling the prairie antelope, the grizzly of the hill.

'Tis the voice of Empire calling, and the children gather fast
From every land where the cross bar floats out from the quivering mast;
So into the saddle I leap, my own, with bridle swinging free,
And thy hoof-beats shall answer the trumpets blowing across the sea.
Then proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of the foe to-morrow,
For he who dares to stay our course drinks deep of the Cup of Sorrow.

Thy form hath pressed the meadow's breast, where the sullen grey wolf hides,
The great red river of the North hath cooled thy burning sides;
Together we've slept while the tempest swept the Rockies' glittering chain;
And many a day the bronze centaur hath galloped behind in vain.
But the sweet wild grass of mountain pass, and the shimmering summer streams
Must vanish forevermore, perchance, into the land of dreams;

For the strong young North hath sent us forth
to battlefields far away,
And the trail that ends where Empire trends,
is the trail we ride to-day.
But proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of
the foe to-morrow,
For he who bars Strathcona's Horse, drinks deep
of the Cup of Sorrow.

Johnnie's First Moose

DE cloud is hide de moon, but dere's plain-
tee light above,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,
Move de paddle leetle quicker, an' de ole canoe
we'll shove
T'roo de water nice an' quiet
For de place we're goin' try it
Is beyon' de silver birch dere
You can see it lak a church dere
W'en we're passin' on de corner w'ere de lily
flower grow.

Wasn't dat correc' w'at I'm tolin' you jus' now?
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,
Never min', I'll watch behin'—me—an' you
can watch de bow

An' you'll see a leetle clearer
W'en canoe is comin' nearer—
Dere she is—now easy, easy,
For de win' is gettin' breezy,
An' we don't want not'ing smell us, till de horn begin to blow—

I remember long ago w'en ma fader tak' me out,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,
Jus' de way I'm takin' you, sir, hello! was dat a shout?
Seems to me I t'ink I'm hearin'
Somet'ing stirrin' on de clearin'
W'ere it stan' de lumber shaintee,
If it's true, den you'll have plaintee
Work to do in half a minute, if de moose don't start to go.

An' now we're on de shore, let us hide de ole canoe,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,
An' lie among de rushes, dat's bes' t'ing we can do,
For de ole boy may be closer
Dan anybody know, sir,

An' look out you don't be shakin'
Or de bad shot you'll be makin'
But I'm feelin' sam' way too, me, w'en I was young, also—

You ready for de call? here goes for number wan,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,
Did you hear how nice I do it, an' how it travel on
Till it reach across de reever
Dat'll geev' some moose de fever!
Wait now, Johnnie, don't you worry,
No use bein' on de hurry,
But lissen for de answer, it'll come before you know.

For w'y you jomp lak dat? w'at's matter wit' your ear?
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low—
Tak' your finger off de trigger, dat was only bird you hear,
Can't you tell de pine tree crickin'
Or de boule frog w'en he's spikin'?

Don't you know de grey owl singin'
From de beeg moose w'en he's ringin'
Out hees challenge on de message your ole gran'fader blow?

You're lucky boy to-night, wit' hunter man lak me!
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low—
Can tole you all about it! H-s-ssh! dat's somet'ing now I see,
Dere he's comin' t'roo de bushes,
So get down among de rushes,
Hear heem walk! I t'ink, by tonder,
He mus' go near fourteen honder!
Dat's de feller I been watchin' all de evening, I dunno.

I'll geev' anoder call, jus' a leetle wan or two,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low—
W'en he see dere's no wan waitin' I wonder w'at he'll do?
But look out for here he's comin'
Sa-pris-ti! ma heart is drummin'!

You can never get heem nearer
An' de moon is shinin' clearer,
W'at a fine shot you'll be havin'! now Johnnie let her go!

Bang! bang! you got heem sure! an' he'll never run away
Nor feed among de lily on de shore of Wessonneau,
So dat's your firse moose, Johnnie! wall! remember all I say—
Doesn't matter w'at you're chasin',
Doesn't matter w'at you're facin',
Only watch de t'ing you're doin'
If you don't, ba gosh! you're ruin!
An' steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.

Donal' Campbell

DONAL' CAMPBELL—Donald Banc—sailed away across the ocean
With the tartans of Clan Gordon, to the Indies' distant shore,
But on Dargai's lonely hillside, Donal' Campbell met the foeman,
And the glen of Athol Moray will never see him more.

O! the wailing of the women, O! the storm of bitter sorrow
Sweeping like the wintry torrent thro' Athol Moray's glen
When the black word reached the clansmen, that young Donal' Bane had fallen
In the red glare of the battle, with the gallant Gordon men!

Far from home and native sheiling, with the sun of India o'er him
Blazing down its cruel hatred on the white-faced men below
Stood young Donal' with his comrades, like the hound of ghostly Fingal
Eager, waiting for the summons to leap up against the foe—

Hark! at last! the pipes are pealing out the welcome Caber Feidh
And wild the red blood rushes thro' every Highland vein
They breathe the breath of battle, the children of the Gael,
And fiercely up the hillside, they charge and charge again—

And the grey eye of the Highlands, now is
dark as blackest midnight,
The history of their fathers is written on each
face,
Of border creach and foray, of never yielding
conflict
Of all the memories shrouding a stern uncon-
quered race!

And up the hillside, up the mountain, while
the war-pipes shrilly clamour
Bayonet thrusting, broadsword cleaving, the
Northern soldiers fought
Till the sun of India saw them victors o'er the
dusky foemen,
For who can stay the Celtic hand when Celtic
blood is hot?

But the corse of many a clansman from the far-
off Scottish Highlands
'Mid the rocks of savage Dargai is lying cold
and still
With the death-dew on its forehead, and young
Donal' Campbell's tartan
Bears a deeper stain of purple than the heather
of the hill!

Mourn him! Mourn him thro' the mountains, wail him women of Clan Campbell!
Let the Coronach be sounded till it reach the Indian shore
For your beautiful has fallen in the foremost of the battle
And the glen of Athol Moray will never see him more.

Phil-o-Rum's Canoe

"OMA ole canoe! w'at's matter wit' you, an' w'y was you be so slow?
Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an' still you don't seem to go—
No win' at all on de fronte side, an' current she don't be strong,
Den w'y are you lak lazy feller, too sleepy for move along?

"I 'member de tam w'en you jomp de sam' as deer wit' de wolf behin'
An' brochet on de top de water, you scare heem mos' off hees min';
But fish don't care for you now at all, only jus' mebbe wink de eye,
For he know it's easy git out de way w'en you was a passin' by."

I'm spikin' dis way jus' de oder day w'en I'm
out wit' de ole canoe,
Crossin' de point w'ere I see las' fall wan very
beeg caribou,
W'en somebody say, "Phil-o-rum, mon vieux,
wat's matter wit' you youse'f?"
An' who do you s'pose was talkin'? w'y de
poor ole canoe shese'f.

O yass, I'm scare w'en I'm sittin' dere, an'
she's callin' ma nam' dat way:
"Phil-o-rum Juneau, w'y you spik so moche,
you're off on de head to-day
Can't be you forget ole feller, you an' me
we're not too young,
An' if I'm lookin' so ole lak you, I t'ink I
will close ma tongue.

"You should feel ashame; for you're alway
blame, w'en it isn't ma fault at all
For I'm tryin' to do bes' I can for you on
summer-tam, spring, an' fall.
How offen you drown on de reever if I'm not
lookin' out for you
W'en you're takin' too moche on de w'isky
some night comin' down de Soo.

"De firse tam we go on de Wessoneau no feller can beat us den,
For you're purty strong man wit' de paddle, but dat's long ago ma frien',
An' win' she can blow off de mountain, an' tonder an' rain may come,
But camp see us bote on de evening—you know dat was true Phil-o-rum.

"An' who's your horse too, but your ole canoe, an' w'en you feel cole an' wet
Who was your house w'en I'm upside down an' onder de roof you get,
Wit' rain ronnin' down ma back, Baptême! till I'm gettin' de rheumateez,
An' I never say not'ing at all, moi-même, but let you do jus' you please.

"You t'ink it was right, kip me out all night on reever side down below,
An' even 'Bon Soir' you was never say, but off on de camp you go
Leffin' your poor ole canoe behin' lyin' dere on de groun'
Watchin' de moon on de water, an' de bat flyin' all aroun'.

"O! dat's lonesome t'ing hear de grey owl
sing up on de beeg pine tree
An' many long night she kip me awake till sun
on de eas' I see,
An' den you come down on de morning for
start on some more voyage.
An' only t'ing decen' you do all day is carry
me on portage.

"Dat's way Phil-o-rum, rheumateez she come,
wit' pain ronnin' troo ma side
Wan leetle hole here, noder beeg wan dere, dat
not'ing can never hide;
Don't do any good fix me up agen, no matter
how moche you try,
For w'en we come ole an' our work she's
done, bote man an' canoe mus' die."

Wall! she talk dat way mebbe mos' de day,
till we're passin' some beaver dam
An' wan de young beaver he's mak' hees tail
come down on de water flam!
I never see de canoe so scare, she jomp nearly
two, t'ree feet
I t'ink she was goin' for ronne away, an' she
shut up de mout' toute suite.

It mak' me feel queer, de strange t'ing I hear,
an' I'm glad she don't spik no more,
But soon as we fin' ourse'f arrive over dere on
de noder shore
I tak' dat canoe lak de lady, an' carry her off
wit' me,
For I'm sorry de way I treat her, an' she
know more dan me, sapree!

Yass! dat's smart canoe, an' I know it's true,
w'at she's spikin' wit' me dat day,
I'm not de young feller I use to be w'en work
she was only play;
An' I know I was comin' closer on place w'ere
I mus' tak' care
W'ere de mos' worse current's de las' wan too,
de current of Dead Riviere.

You can only steer, an' if rock be near, wit'
wave dashin' all aroun',
Better mak' leetle prayer, for on Dead Riviere
some very smart man get drown;
But if you be locky an' watch ouse'f, mebbe
reever won't seem so wide,
An' firse t'ing you know you'll ronne ashore,
safe on de noder side.

The Voyageur

DERE'S somet'ing stirrin' ma blood to-
night,
On de night of de young new year,
W'ile de camp is warm an' de fire is bright,
An' de bottle is close at han'—
Out on de reever de nort' win' blow,
Down on de valley is pile de snow,
But w'at do we care so long we know
We're safe on de log cabane?

Drink to de healt' of your wife an' girl,
Anoder wan for your frien',
Den geev' me a chance, for on all de worl'
I've not many frien' to spare—
I'm born, w'ere de mountain scrape de sky,
An' bone of ma fader an' moder lie,
So I fill de glass an' I raise it high
An' drink to de Voyageur.

For dis is de night of de jour de l'an,*
W'en de man of de Grand Nor' Wes'
T'ink of hees home on de St. Laurent,
An' frien' he may never see—

* New Year's Day.

Gone he is now, an' de beeg canoe
No more you'll see wit' de red-shirt crew,
But long as he leev' he was alway true,
So we'll drink to hees memory.

Ax' heem de nort' win' w'at he see
Of de Voyageur long ago,
An' he'll say to you w'at he say to me,
So lissen hees story well—
"I see de track of hees botte sau-vage*
On many a hill an' long portage
Far, far away from hees own vill-age
An' soun' of de parish bell—

"I never can play on de Hudson Bay
Or mountain dat lie between
But I meet heem singin' hees lonely way
De happies' man I know—
I cool hees face as he's sleepin' dere
Under de star of de Red Rivière,
An' off on de home of de great w'ite bear,
I'm seein' hees dog traineau.†

"De woman an' chil'ren's runnin' out
On de wigwam of de Cree—
De leetle papoose dey laugh an' shout
W'en de soun' of hees voice dey hear—

* Indian boot. † Dog-sleigh.

De oldes' warrior of de Sioux
Kill hese'f dancin' de w'ole night t'roo,
An de Blackfoot girl remember too
De ole tam Voyageur.

"De blaze of hees camp on de snow I see,
An' I lissen hees 'En Roulant'
On de lan' w'ere de reindeer travel free,
Ringin' out strong an' clear—
Offen de grey wolf sit before
De light is come from hees open door,
An' caribou foller along de shore
De song of de Voyageur.

"If he only kip goin', de red ceinture,*
I'd see it upon de Pole
Some mornin' I'm startin' upon de tour
For blowin' de worl' aroun'—
But w'erever he sail an' w'erever he ride,
De trail is long an' de trail is wide,
An' city an' town on ev'ry side
Can tell of hees campin' groun'."

So dat's de reason I drink to-night
To de man of de Grand Nor' Wes',
For hees heart was young, an' hees heart was light

* Canadian sash.

So long as he's leevin' dere—
I'm proud of de sam' blood in my vein
I'm a son of de Nort' Win' wance again—
So we'll fill her up till de bottle's drain
An' drink to de Voyageur.

Meb-be

A QUIET boy was Joe Bedotte,
An' no sign anyw'ere
Of anyt'ing at all he got
Is up to ordinaire—
An' w'en de teacher tell heem go
An' tak' a holiday,
For wake heem up, becos' he's slow,
Poor Joe would only say,
"Wall! meb-be."

Don't bodder no wan on de school
Unless dey bodder heem,
But all de scholar t'ink he's fool
Or walkin' on a dream—
So w'en dey're closin' on de spring
Of course dey're moche surprise
Dat Joe is takin' ev'ryt'ing
Of w'at you call de prize.

An' den de teacher say, "Jo-seph,
I know you're workin' hard—
Becos' w'en I am pass mese'f
I see you on de yard
A-splittin' wood—no doubt you stay
An' study half de night?"
An' Joe he spik de sam' ole way
So quiet an' polite,
"Wall! meb-be."

Hees fader an' hees moder die
An' lef' heem dere alone
Wit' chil'ren small enough to cry,
An' farm all rock an' stone—
But Joe is fader, moder too,
An' work bote day an' night
An' clear de place—dat's w'at he do,
An' bring dem up all right.

De Curé say, "Jo-seph, you know
Le bon Dieu's very good—
He feed de small bird on de snow,
De caribou on de wood—
But you deserve some credit too—
I spik of dis before."
So Joe he dunno w'at to do
An' only say wance more,
"Wall! meb-be."

An' Joe he leev' for many year
An' helpin' ev'ry wan
Upon de parish far an' near
Till all hees money's gone—
An' den de Curé come again
Wit' tear-drop on hees eye—
He know for sure poor Joe, hees frien',
Is well prepare to die.

"Wall! Joe, de work you done will tell
W'en you get up above—
De good God he will treat you well
An' geev' you all hees love.
De poor an' sick down here below,
I'm sure dey'll not forget,"
An' w'at you t'ink he say, poor Joe,
Drawin' hees only breat'?
"Wall! meb-be."

Dominique

YOU dunno ma leetle boy Dominique?
Never see heem runnin' roun' about de place?
'Cos I want to get advice how to kip heem lookin' nice,
So he won't be alway dirty on de face—

Now dat leetle boy of mine, Dominique,
If you wash heem an' you sen' heem off to school,
But instead of goin' dere, he was playin' fox an' hare—
Can you tell me how to stop de leetle fool?

"I'd tak' dat leetle feller Dominique,
An' I'd put heem on de cellar ev'ry day,
An' for workin' out a cure, bread an' water's very sure,
You can bet he mak' de promise not to play!"

Dat's very well to say, but ma leetle Dominique
W'en de jacket we put on heem's only new,
An' he's goin' travel roun' on de medder up an' down,
Wit' de strawberry on hees pocket runnin' t'roo,
An' w'en he climb de fence, see de hole upon hees pant,
No wonder hees poor moder's feelin' mad!
So if you ketch heem den, w'at you want to do, ma frien'?
Tell me quickly an' before he get too bad.

"I'd lick your leetle boy Dominique,
I'd lick heem till he's cryin' purty hard,
An' for fear he's gettin' spile, I'd geev' heem
castor ile,
An' I wouldn't let heem play outside de yard."

If you see ma leetle boy Dominique
Hangin' on to poor ole "Billy" by de tail,
W'en dat horse is feelin' gay, lak I see heem
yesterday,
I s'pose you t'ink he's safer on de jail?
W'en I'm lightin' up de pipe on de evenin'
affer work,
An' de powder dat young rascal's puttin' in,
It was makin' such a pouf, nearly blow me
t'roo de roof—
W'at's de way you got of showin' 'twas a sin?

"Wall! I put heem on de jail right away,
You may bet de wan is got de beeges' wall!
A honder foot or so, w'ere dey never let heem go,
Non! I wouldn't kip a boy lak dat at all."

Dat's good advice for sure, very good,
On de cellar, bread an' water—it'll do,
De nice sweet castor ile geev' heem ev'ry leetle
w'ile,
An' de jail to finish up wit' w'en he's t'roo!

Ah! ma frien', you never see Dominique,
W'en he's lyin' dere asleep upon de bed,
If you do, you say to me, "W'at an angel he
mus' be,
An' dere can't be not'ing bad upon hees head."

Many t'ank for your advice, an' it may be
good for some,
But de reason you was geev' it isn't very
hard to seek—
Yass! it's easy seein' now w'en de talk is
over, how
You dunno ma leetle boy Dominique.

The Boy from Calabogie

HE was twenty-one in April—forty inches
round the chest,
A soupler or a better boy we'll never see
again—
And the way we cheered the lad when he
started for the West!
The town was like a holiday, the time he
took the train
At Calabogie.

"Are ye ever comin' back with the fortune, little Dan,
From the place they say the money's like the leaves upon the tree?"
"If the minin' boss'll let me, as sure as I'm a man,
The mother's Christmas turkey won't have to wait for me
At Calabogie."

And the letters he was writin' to his mother from the West,
Sure ev'rybody read them, and who could see the harm?
Tellin' how he'd keep the promise to come home and have a rest;
And the money that was in them was enough to buy a farm
At Calabogie.

What is it that makes the fever leave the weak and kill the strong,
And who'd 'a' thought our Dannie would ever come to this?

When the Sister had to raise him, and say,
"It won't be long
Till it's home, my lad, you're goin' to receive a mother's kiss
At Calabogie."

So we met our little Dannie, Christmas morning at the train,
And we lifted up the long-box without a word to say;
Och! such a boy as Dannie we'll never see again
God forgive us! 'twasn't much of a Merry Christmas Day
At Calabogie!

The Last Portage

I'M sleepin' las' night w'en I dream a dream
An' a wonderful wan it seem—
For I'm off on de road I was never see,
Too long an' hard for a man lak me,
So ole he can only wait de call
Is sooner or later come to all.

De night is dark an de portage dere
Got plaintee o' log lyin' ev'ryw'ere,
Black bush aroun' on de right an' lef',
A step from de road an' you los' you'se'f
De moon an' de star above is gone,
Yet somet'ing tell me I mus' go on.

An' off in front of me as I go,
Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow—
Who is dat leetle boy dancin' dere
Can see hees w'ite dress an' curly hair,
An' almos' touch heem, so near to me
In an' out dere among de tree?

An' den I'm hearin' a voice is say,
"Come along, fader, don't min' de way,
De boss on de camp he sen' for you,
So your leetle boy's going to guide you t'roo
It's easy for me, for de road I know,
'Cos I travel it many long year ago."

An' oh! mon Dieu! w'en he turn hees head
I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead—
Dead wit' de young blood in hees vein—
An' dere he's comin' wance more again
Wit' de curly hair, an' dark-blue eye,
So lak de blue of de summer sky—

An' now no more for de road I care,
An' slippery log lyin' ev'ryw'ere—
De swamp on de valley, de mountain too.
But climb it jus' as I use to do—
Don't stop on de road, for I need no res'
So long as I see de leetle w'ite dress.

An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile
He turn again wit' de baby smile,
An' say, "Dear fader, I'm here you see—
We're bote togeder, jus' you an' me—
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far to-night.

"De boss on de camp w'ere I alway stay
Since ever de tam I was go away,
He welcome de poores' man dat call,
But love de leetle wan bes' of all,
So dat's de reason I spik for you
An' come to-night for to bring you t'roo."

Lak de young Jesu w'en he's here below
De face of ma leetle son look jus' so—
Den off beyon', on de bush I see
De w'ite dress fadin' among de tree—
Was it a dream I dream las' night
Is goin' away on de morning light?

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